THE Frolickſome Lady; OR, THE Happy Footman.

To which are added,

The WOMAN'S WEAPON.

A HUNTING SONG.

ENVY HAS EYES.

The MAID of the MILL.

Entered according to Order.

The ſrolickſome LADY; or, happy FOOTMAN.

YOU gallant young creatures delighting in ſport,
I'd have you to liſten a while to this joke,
It's of a young Lady both gallant and fair,
A noble Lord's daughter whoſe name I'll forbear.

She muſt have a frolick one night, as 'tis ſaid,
There's nothing would ſerve her but the maſquerade,
She goes to her mother, and to her ſhe cry'd,
A maſquerade dreſs I beg you'll provide.

That I may go ſee the fine paſtime that's there,
I will have the dreſs of a ſhepherdeſs fair;
The gallant young Ladies go there as it is ſaid,
So I will go dreſs and to the maſquerade.

Dear mother according to what I've heard talk,
I'm ſure maſquerading is very good ſport,
Young Lords in their coaches come rattling there,
The King, and the Prince, and the Princeſs ſo fair.

Dear mother there muſt be rich paſtime, ſhe ſaid,
This night I'm reſolved for the maſquerade:
Miſs called her chair, and away ſhe did go,
With her nimble footman to follow her too.

She hir'd the dreſs of a ſhepherdeſs fair,
And enter'd the room where the quality were,
The footman, he ſaid, I have guineas I know,
So I will be one of the quality too.

He dreſs'd like a ſhepherd, and when he came there,
He led up the dance with the ſhepherdeſs fair,
But little ſhe thought it was her man, John,
Who danc'd with her there and ſo well did perform.

But took him to be ſome great Lord of renown,
When dancing was o'er they together ſat down,
He ſu'd her with him to the tavern to go,
Both in their diſguiſe, that none might them know.

Now the ſhepherdeſs fair ſhe ſoon did agree,
So the ſports being o'er, to the tavern went they;
He there learn'd her a dance, and ſaid lovely miſtreſs,
I hope you will not forget the maſquerade dreſs.

She gave him a fine ring both coſtly and rare,
The which he might ſhew her when he did come there,
So taking her leave, ſhe call'd for her chair,
John whips off his dreſs and ſoon follows his dear.

O have you been careful her mother, ſhe ſaid,
Now of your young miſtreſs at the maſquerade,
Yes, madam, replied young John with a ſmile,
Being pleaſed to think what he'd done all the while.

For in a little time her viſage grew pale,
Her belly grew big and her ſtrength it did fail,
Come tell the father, the mother then ſaid,
Why, mother, I got this at the maſquerade.

What! cannot you tell me, ye ſtrumpet ſo wild,
Who is the man that got you with child?
Why, mother, there was both Devil and Tmk,
Both Friars and Nuns, but the man did the work,

That was dreſs'd like a ſhepherd, dear mother, ſhe ſaid,
I muſt find the father at the maſquerade;
Do you know the man if again you him ſee?
No, mother, for he was a ſtranger to me.

He perform'd his part in dancing ſo well,
I could not deny him the truth for to tell,
Where now I muſt find a father to my babe?
I'm ruin'd by going to the maſquerade.

The father and mother being ſtruck with ſurprize,
They ſent for the ſootman with tears in their eyes,
Saying, John, if you marry my daughter ſo fair,
Take her with a fault, and I'll make you my heir.

To tell you the truth, ſhe the wanton has play'd,
She's got up her belly at the maſquerade,
John quickly accepted her to be his bride,
And now in his chariot in ſplendor does ride.

He diſcover'd the matter, and how it was done,
He father's the babe, which indeed was his own,
It was well on his ſide that the frolick was play'd,
By kiſſing his miſtreſs at the maſquerade

THE WOMAN'S WEAPON.

To the Tune of the Milking Pail.

I Married a wife of late,
The more's my unhappy fate,
I took her for love as fancy might move,
'Twas not for her worldly eſtate:
Her qualities are, few with her compare,
Let me do her no wrong,
I'm in the mind, moſt women kind,
Are thus inclin'd, when men's confin'd,
They cannot well rule their tongue.

Her cheeks are like the red roſe,
Which ſhe for her beauty ſhows,
Her teeth in a row like ivory grow,
Betwixt her round chin and her noſe:
Her ſhoulders are decent, her arms they are pleaſant,
Her fingers are ſmall and long,
She'll coo, ſhe'll kiſs, her chief amiſs,
Is only this, as moſt wives is,
She cannot well rule her tongue.

When ſhe on her pillow lies,
Her beautiful rolling eyes,
Like diamonds appear, ſo ſparkling clear,
Like Flora ſhe far out-vies.
The goddeſs of flowers, and queen of the bowers,
She's delicate fair and young.

She's ſtraight and ſmall, nay plump withal,
Her fingers ſmall, yet after all,
She has an unruly tongue.

She's learning and wit at will,
Few women has greater ſkill,
Both Latin and Greek, and French ſhe can ſpeak,
Though born in a water mill,
Which makes her ſo proud, ſhe's wonderful loud,
Of both fair and young,

She does poſſeſs all happineſs,
Yet nevertheleſs, I muſt confeſs,
She has an unruly tongue.

With Queen Helen ſhe does diſpute,
Few women can her confute,
She ſings, ſhe plays, ſhe knows all the keys,
Of the violin, harp, and lute;
She dances with grace her anſwer to trace,
Which does to her belong,

With locks that curl, and coſtly pearl,
She is a girl fit for an earl,
If ſhe could but rule her tongue.

She's witty, as it is ſaid,
Let none of you be diſmay'd,
For I am aſſured it muſt be endured,
Whatever on me is laid;
Yet I'll not diſparage, nor hinder the marriage,
Be you either old or young,

When choice you make, look whom you take,
For virtue's ſake, no croſſes make
Grief like to a woman's tongue.

If I was to chuſe again,
I'd not in a merry vein,
Take ſhe that comes next, for to be perplex'd,
'Tis a folly to complain,
Before I'd ly by her, truth I would try her,
How clever that clack was hung,
And if I found that loſty ſound,
I'd quit my ground, e'er I'd be bound
To ſuch an unruly tongue.

Take warning young men by me,
Chooſe not for a charming ſhe,
Take one that is brown, ſcarce fit for a clown,
If quiet and mild ſhe be;
For thoſe that do ſcold, will make you look old,
While quiet wives make men young,
For beauty will blaze, and many will gaze,
Who ſpeak in their praiſe, which make women raiſe
Their proud and unruly tongue.

A NEW HUNTING SONG.

AWay to the field the morning looks gay,
And ſweetly bedapp'd forebodes a fine day;
The hounds are all eager the ſports to embrace,
And coral aloud to be led to the chace. And &c.

CHORUS.

Then hark in the morn to the call of the horn,
And join with the jo—vial crew,
While the ſeaſon invites with all delights,
The health-giving chace to purſue.

How charming the ſight when Aurora firſt dawns,
To ſee the bright beagles ſpread over the lawns;
To welcome the ſun now returning from reſt,
Their mattins they chant as they merrily queſt.
Then hark in the morn, &c.

But O how each boſom with tranſport it fills,
To ſtart juſt as Phebus peeps over the hills;
While joys each valley from valley reſounds,
The ſhouts of the hunter and cry of the hounds.

See how the brave hunters with courage elate,
Fly hedges and ditches, or top the bar'd gate;
Born by their old courſers, no dangers they fear,
And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Ye Cits for the dance quit the joys of the town,
And ſcorn the dull pleaſure of ſitting in down,
Uncertain your toil, for or honour or wealth,
Ours ſtill is repaid with contentment and health.

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ENVY HAS EYES.

'TIS twelve months ago, nay perhaps they are twain,
Since Thyrſis neglected the nymphs on the plain,
And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows a-long,
To hear a ſoft tale or to ſing him a ſong.

To hear a ſoft tale or to ſing him a ſong.

What at firſt was but friendſhip, ſoon grew to a flame,
In my heart it was love, in the youth 'twas the ſame,
From each other our paſſion we ſought not to hide,
But who ſhould love moſt, was our conteſt and pride.

But Prudence ſoon whiſper'd us, love not too well,
For Envy has eyes and a tongue that will tell,
And a flame without Fortune's rich gift on its ſide,
The grave one's will ſcorn, and a mother muſt chide.

Afraid of rebuke, he, his viſits forbore,
And we promiſ'd to think of each other no more,
Or to tarry with patience, a ſeaſon more kind,
So I put the poor ſhepherd quite out of my mind.

But love breaks the fences, I vainly had made,
Grows deaf to all cenſure, and will be repaid,

f we ſigh for each other, Ah, quit not your care,
Condemn the god nymph, but bleſs the fond pair.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

I'VE kiſs'd and I've prattled to fifty fair maids,
And chang'd them as oft, d'ye ſee,
I've kiſs'd &c.
But of all the fair maids that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me,
The maid of the mill, the maid of the mill,
The maid of the mill for me.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the faireſt ſhe,
There's fifty young men, &c.
But of all the gay wreſtlers that ſport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me,
Young Harry's the lad, young Harry's the lad,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

Her eyes are as black as the ſloe on the hedge,
Her face like the bloſſoms in May,
Her eyes are as black, &c.
Her teeth are as white as the new ſhorn flock,
Her breath like the new mown hay,
The new mown hay, the new mown hay,
Her breath like the new mown hay.

He's tall and he's ſtraight as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are red as a roſe;
He's tall and he's ſtraight, &c.
He looks like a 'Squire of a high degree,
When dreſt in his Sunday's clothes,
His Sunday's clothes, his Sunday's clothes,
When dreſt in his Sunday's clothes.

FINIS.

AUG